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# The Slashening



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## Chapter 1 by Soccer\_5

The rocking chair creaked I heard a scream in the other room, they were coming.

## Chapter 2 by Captain



Their footsteps resounded on the gray walls. The rocking chair swayed in the breeze. The brown door was all that separated me from those... things. They were not men they were killers. Fists banged on the door and the table blocking it quivered. I held my bow ready, the arrow nocked, pointed at the door.

"Open up," Voices yelled.

The table fell over and the door slammed open, and men burst in.

I released the arrow, killing a man, and I nocked another.

## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Soon, I am standing in a practical wading pool of bodies, removing arrows as I check them for valuable possessions. Not only do I save all but one arrow, whose mast has cracked, but I also pick up some pocket watches, three hundred dollars, and a credit card that my assailant will not have the chance to cancel.

Don't think with the brain  
it's just a catchphrase needs a bit

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Now that the cover is off the book, it's time to get into the story and see what happens.

## Chapter 4 by Magnolia



The black market- my favorite place to spend some cash. The underground network is the best way to get a bang for your buck. I patted the bundle of items that I had collected from the bodies. They would collectively sell for about five hundred at least. I smiled at my own sharp aim and ingenious plan.

I jumped out the broken window and swept through the cities by way of the shadows. My path was broken and beaten, but I knew it well. I quickly found the abandoned sewer entrance and flew down the ladder with well trained grace. This was one of the many entrances to the infamous underground market.

I walked openly in the lamp light; there was no fear of capture here. We were all outlaws or lawless revolutionists or broken people with resentment for the king. And I was the head of it all, everyone knows my name. No one has ever matched my aim or wit.

## Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



"Briar," the vendor says as I approach him, arms outstretched, "what can I get for you today?" He can see the fresh excitement of a kill on my face, and he knows that it means money for his pockets. I can read him like a book.

Still, this man is one of the closest things I have to a friend.

"King's soliders," I explain, passing over one of the bills I took from the mens' pockets. "Don't know why they were trying to ambush me to begin with. They couldn't have known that I was staying there temporarily."

"Probably just to do what they do with every person they drop in on," he says, holding the bill up to the light to check its authenticity. "To steal the last of your positions. Take your children. Rape. Murder."

[I'm going to write them a story about the king's soliders](#)

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He shrugs. "Rations. Chocolate. Weapons. The usual."

I raise an eyebrow. "I know there's something in that stall of yours you're hiding from me, Giuseppe. I can taste it."

A big, heart laugh escapes from his lips. "You've caught me red handed. Okay, let me show you..."

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